

CHANDAMAMA

MARCH 1972
92 PAISE
INCLUDING
EXCISE DUTY

THE FIRST OLYMPIC GAMES

Turn to page 43



FOR PRECISION IN...

Colour Printing

By Letterpress...

...its B. N. K's., superb printing
that makes all the difference.

Its printing experience of
over 30 years is at the
back of this press superbly
equipped with modern
machineries and technicians
of highest calibre.



**B. N. K. PRESS
PRIVATE LIMITED,
CHANDAMAMA BUILDINGS,
MADRAS-26.**

A TONIC THAT JUST INCREASES APPETITE IS ONLY DOING HALF THE JOB.

get Incremin*
it turns extra eating into
extra growth



join the Incremin gang...
and get an appetite for growing!

Incremin Syrup (with iron) for older children—
175 ml & 57 ml

Incremin 10 ml Drops for babies

Incremin*
TONIC

* A registered trade mark

of American Cyanamid Company

LINTAS-INC. 21-500



Lederle

Available at all chemists

**Statement about ownership of CHANDAMAMA (English)
Rule 8 (Form IV), Newspapers (Central) Rules, 1956**

1. *Place of Publication* : 'CHANDAMAMA BUILDINGS'
2 & 3, Arcot Road,
Vadapalani, Madras-26

2. *Periodicity of Publication* : MONTHLY
1st of each calendar month

3. *Printer's Name* : B. V. REDDI
Nationality : INDIAN
Address : Prasad Process Private Ltd.,
2 & 3, Arcot Road, Vadapalani,
Madras-26

4. *Publisher's Name* : B. VISWANATHA REDDI
Nationality : INDIAN
Address : Chandamama Publications,
2 & 3, Arcot Road, Vadapalani,
Madras-26

5. *Editor's Name* : CHAKRAPANI (A. V. Subba Rao)
Nationality : INDIAN
Address : 'Chandamama Buildings'
2 & 3, Arcot Road, Vadapalani,
Madras-26

6. *Name & Address of individuals who own the paper* : Chandamama Publications
PARTNERS:
1. Sri B. Nagi Reddi,
2. Smt. B. Padmavathi,
3. Smt. B. Bharathi,
4. Sri B. V. Sanjaya Reddi (Minor),
5. Sri B. N. Suresh Reddi ("),
6. Sri B. V. Satish Reddi (").

I, B. Viswanatha Reddi, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

B. VISWANATHA REDDI
Signature of the Publisher

1st March 1972



CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 2 No. 9 March 1972

THE DEADLY DUEL <i>the villain gets his just deserts</i>	6
WHO OWES WHO? ... <i>it was a clever trick</i>	9
SILENCE IS GOLDEN <i>there's a good moral in this story</i>	11
WAR BETWEEN THE GODS <i>we go back many centuries</i>	16
ROBIN HOOD <i>the story is getting exciting</i>	19
HOODWINDED AGAIN <i>this is some rabbit</i>	25
OUR DUMB FRIENDS <i>how Nipper won fame</i>	27
THE WATER-sprite <i>the wrong type of lodger</i>	28
THE IMMORTAL SEAMAN <i>one's duty comes first</i>	34
MAHABHARATA ... <i>another episode from the great epic</i>	36
CARD INDEX OF KNOWLEDGE <i>four of the finest dogs</i>	41
THE FIRST OLYMPIC GAMES <i>now come on India</i>	43
ANGUS AND THE ELVES ... <i>a legend from bonnie Scotland</i>	45
PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST <i>gets more popular every month</i>	50
THE WIDOW'S RUSE <i>she found the right answer</i>	51
SAGAR'S ADVENTURES <i>from slaves to palaces</i>	55
THE BRAVE SHEPHERD <i>to his good health</i>	60



ZANKAR...

The Deadly Duel

When Kanteerav, commander of the army, strode into the council chamber, he could see that King Vikram was in a bad temper. The King was pacing up and down the chamber, muttering and shaking his fist in the air.

Catching sight of his army commander, the King thrust a document under his nose. "Read this," he almost shouted. "That murderous swine King Trivikram has sent me an ultimatum, demanding that one of my knights meets him in single combat with battle-axes, otherwise he will overrun this kingdom with his army of savage tribesmen."

"And what does he demand if he defeats our man in single combat?" Kanteerav asked.

The King's face was like a thunder cloud. "He demands my daughter's hand in marriage, and the assumption of suzerain over this kingdom."

"And what if he loses?" Kanteerav asked, with a smile on his lips.

"He does not even mention it," muttered the King. "But I would sooner kill my daughter than let her marry that fiend."

Kanteerav said. "We have little option Your Majesty. The hordes of tribesmen under his command would sweep through this kingdom like a cyclone. I will fight King Trivikram. So send word by his envoy that I will ride to his castle in the morning."

"You are renowned for your bravery," announced the King.

"But this rogue stands head and shoulders taller than you. And everyone knows that killing someone in single combat is a daily pastime with him."

"I can at least try to strike a blow for the Princess," Kanteerav said.

The King looked at him curiously. "Well, may God be with you."

At the break of day, Kanteerav with just one trusted soldier, cantered out of the palace gates, eager to get this sorry business done with. He had barely entered the forest when he heard a scream somewhere ahead. Putting his horse to the gallop, and rounding a bend in the path, he was surprised to see the Princess in the grip of two ruffians.

At the sight of the charging knight, the two ruffians let go of the Princess and scampered into the thicket. Dismounting, Kanteerav walked across to the Princess. "Why are you riding alone in the forest?" he demanded.

"Forgive me, my lord," she answered calmly. "But I came to warn you. Yesterday one of my servants plied the envoy from King Trivikram with wine. In his cups the man bragged



you would be stabbed in the back. So please be careful."

He smiled at her concern. "Never fear," he said. "I would never trust that evil king to fight fairly."

"For my sake, please return safely," she said softly.

Kanteerav ordered his attendant to escort the Princess back to the palace, whilst he galloped on grimly determined to defeat his opponent.

When he arrived at King Trivikram's castle, the tyrant himself met him at the entrance. "Let's waste no time," he bellowed. "I will soon make short work of you, then by

nightfall the Princess will be mine."

A space in the courtyard was soon cleared, and Kanteerav grasping his battle axe firmly, strode to meet his foe, who stood there brandishing his great axe and shouting obscene oaths. King Trivikram was undoubtedly strong, but with his great bulk his movements were slow and Kanteerav had little difficulty in avoiding the hefty strokes aimed at him.

Kanteerav began to grow more confident as the minutes slipped by, because it was obvious that his opponent was beginning to tire. Then out of the corner of his eye, he saw one of Trivikram's men draw his sword. Swinging round quickly, Kanteerav flung his battle axe at the oncoming swordsman, who crashed to the ground like a felled tree. Scooping up the fallen sword, Kanteerav turned to meet King Trivikram rushing at him, swinging his mighty axe. Dropping to his knees, the axeswished harmlessly above his head, then bidding his time, Kanteerav lunged upwards with the sword and ran King Trivikram through the body.

At the sight of their leader's

lifeless body, King Trivikram's men stood too surprised to make a move. Then through the castle gates came King Vikram accompanied by the Princess and a body of cavalry.

Facing his king, Kanteerav with a smile said. "I managed to win, Sire."

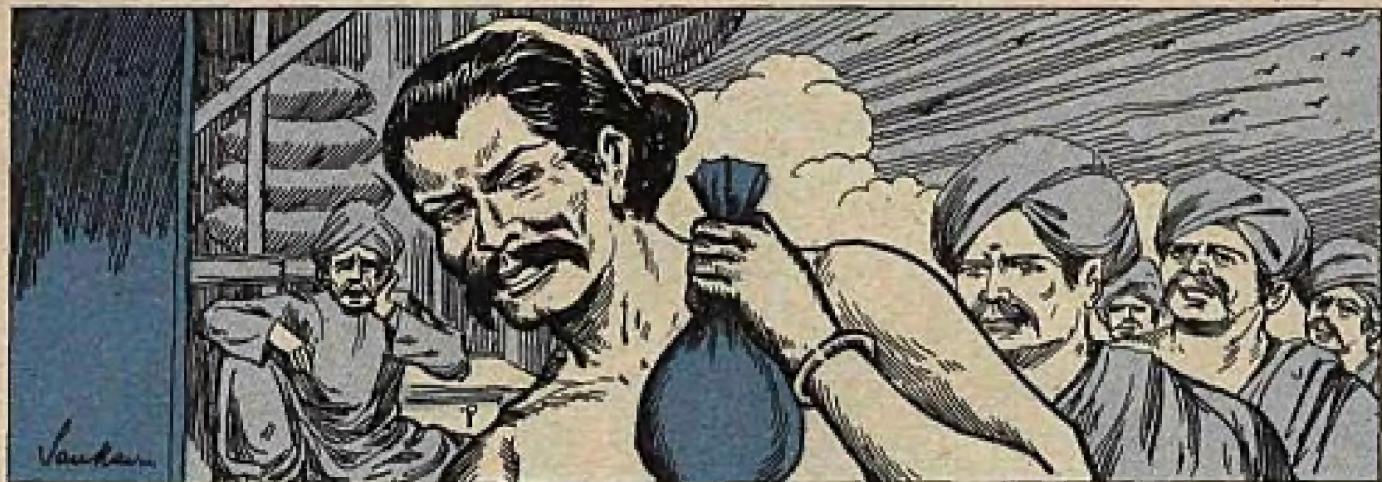
"I can see you needed no assistance," said the King, eyeing the two corpses. "But the Princess begged me to come to see that there was fair play. You have saved our kingdom, my son."

The tribesmen, without King Trivikram's leadership, drifted back to their hills, and started fighting among themselves.

Kanteerav proclaimed a great hero, married the Princess and in later years became known as the great warrior king of India.

Children aren't happy with nothing
to ignore
And that's what parents were
created for.

Here is a definite feminine trait
Clearly worth the knowing:
When a woman says, "It's time to
go,"
It doesn't mean she's going.



WHO OWES WHO?

Chandra Sen was the village money-lender. He lent money with a smile, and the poor borrowers who knew next to nothing about such things as compound interest, slowly came to the dismal realization, that the interest they had to pay came to a lot more than the money they had borrowed:

In the same village was a tough hard-headed farmer named Bhimoo, who, sick of hearing so many tales of Chandra Sen's greed, decided to teach the money-lender a lesson.

Waiting till a festival day when the village street would be thronged with people, Bhimoo went up to Chandra Sen's stall, and quietly asked the money-lender for a loan of a hundred rupees.

Chandra Sen, having heard of Bhimoo's reputation, wanted no dealings with someone who might cause trouble, shook his head sadly. "I am sorry, my friend," he said with a sigh. "All my money is out on loans, so you will have to wait several months before I can oblige you."

"Never mind," replied Bhimoo, then scratching his head, asked. "Tell me, how much is ten times five?"

"Fifty, of course," snapped Chandra Sen.

"I am sure it's sixty," said Bhimoo, raising his voice.

Chandra Sen shouted in disgust. "Idiot, I tell you its only fifty."

"And I say its sixty," shouted Bhimoo.

Passers by hearing the argu-



Santosh
Chandra Sen appeals to the onlookers

ment, and always happy to witness a quarrel, stopped and soon there was quite a crowd around Chandra Sen's stall.

Turning to the crowd, Bhimoo cried desperately. "What injustice. This avaricious money-lender owes me sixty rupees. Now he swears he only owes me fifty."

"You rogue." Chandra Sen shouted, shaking his fist at Bhimoo. "I do not owe you any money."

"Eh! that's not true," shouted a voice from the crowd. "We all heard you tell this man it was fifty and not sixty."

Chandra Sen threw up his arms in despair, but before he could utter a word, Bhimoo

said haughtily. "I am a poor man, so pay me the fifty rupees you say you owe."

"That's right, pay up," shouted more than one voice from the crowd, which was now beginning to look menacing.

Chandra Sen, scared by the threatening attitude of the crowd, ruefully counted out fifty rupees, which Bhimoo quickly gathered up, and went off chuckling to himself.

Chandra Sen sat and pondered over his loss. "Maybe," he thought. "If I was not so hard on borrowers, people like Bhimoo would not want to cheat me in turn. So in future I had better loan money at more reasonable rates of interest."



Silence is Golden

This story starts with Jayapal, who kept a shop in the village. But Jayapal did not sell any goods; he sold advice and his advice must have been good, because people came from far and near, to consult Jayapal. Was he an astrologer? Was he a soothsayer? or was he a magician? Who knows, perhaps he was a little of each.

One day Vikram, a wealthy merchant, decided that as he was going on an important business trip, he would consult Jayapal, and perhaps it would help to ensure that his journey would be very profitable.

Jayapal did not ask Vikram many questions, but just studied his palm for several minutes,

then handed him three slips of paper, for which he charged one hundred silver rupees. As soon as Vikram left Jayapal's shop, he hurriedly read what was written on the slips of paper, wondering whether any advice was worth so much money.

The first slip of paper read, "If you go on a journey, do not, when you return, tell your wife what occurred." The second slip read, "When you travel, never eat by the road-side." And the third slip read, "Never take things for granted, and never make foolish wagers."

None of this advice sounded very thrilling, thought Vikram, but he would do just as Jayapal had written, and then he would

see how good the advice was.

The following morning, Vikram set out on his journey, taking with him a heavy bag of gold for all the goods he hoped to buy. At midday Vikram decided to stop and eat, then remembering Jayapal's advice not to eat by the roadside, he walked into the forest and made himself comfortable under a big tree to eat his food.

As the day was hot and the food very good, Vikram lay back and soon fell asleep. He awoke with a start, realising that he had slept too long, and would never reach his destination by nightfall. So hurrying back to the road, he meant to make up for lost time, but he had not gone very far when he discovered he had left his bag of gold underneath the tree, when he had rested.

Anxiously returning to the spot, Vikram was relieved to find his bag of gold safe and sound. "Well," he thought. "Jayapal's advice was certainly good, because if I had eaten by the road-side, my bag of gold would have been picked up by some passerby."

Later on, Vikram stopped to have a drink at a wayside well. As he approached the well, he

kicked against a fruit on the ground, which looked somewhat like a pomegranate. But what did surprise him was, that some of the juice from the fruit splattered over his foot, and an old sore, which had troubled him for months, had now completely disappeared. Convinced that this fruit contained some miraculous healing power, Vikram carefully buried it beside the well, meaning to retrieve it on his return journey.

Eventually Vikram arrived back home, more than satisfied with the business he had done, but heeding Jayapal's advice, he firmly resolved not to tell his wife anything. But he found his wife agog with excitement. "What do you think?" she almost shouted, before he had a chance to even sit down. "The Raja has a festering sore which the doctors cannot cure. Now the Raja is offering a king's ransom to anyone who can cure him."

Hearing this, Vikram suddenly remembered the fruit he had buried, and completely forgetting Jayapal's advice, told his wife all about this wonderful fruit, which had cured the sore on his foot, and no doubt it would cure the Raja too,



and he, Vikram the great healer, would receive much bounty from the grateful Raja.

Vikram, his mind full of plans on how to spend the Raja's bounty, rushed out of the house to hire a conveyance for the following morning, so that he could recover his hidden fruit.

Meanwhile, his wife just as excited, lost no time in telling her neighbour's wife about this fruit. In turn the wife told her husband, who being a resource-

ful fellow, planned to get the hidden fruit first and so win the Raja's bounty.

On his way, he met Vikram who was still bursting with thoughts of his coming fortune. "Oh! my good man," Vikram confided. "Tomorrow I shall cure the Raja and make myself a fortune."

"Rubbish," retorted the neighbour. "I myself will cure the Raja."

"What nonsense you talk,"



Vikram makes a foolish wager

said Vikram. "If you can perform such a miracle, you can walk into my house and have the first thing you touch."

"Right," replied the neighbour. "And if I fail, you can have whatever you touch in my house. So let's write it down and seal our wager."

Vikram was up bright and early the next morning, impatient to set off and get the fruit he had so carefully hidden. But when excited villagers came and poured out a story that his neighbour had cured the Raja with the juice of a magic fruit,

poor Vikram's hopes collapsed in ruins. As he sat shaking his head in bewilderment, it slowly dawned on him that he had not heeded the advice given him by Jayapal. He had told his wife all about his journey and the magic fruit. But what was worse, he had made a foolish wager with his neighbour. That fellow would certainly walk into the house and lay his hands on my safe, which contains all my valuables.

The more Vikram thought over his troubles, the more worried he became. Then the

thought struck him that perhaps Jayapal could help him. So he rushed to Jayapal's shop and blurted out the story of his journey and the silly wager he had made with his neighbour.

Jayapal listened quite calmly, and with a smile said, "Stop worrying. I will go with you to your house and see that your neighbour does not get your safe."

Back at the house, Jayapal looked around and then told Vikram to get some men to move the safe up into the loft, but to leave the ladder so that it would be easy for the neighbour to climb up to the loft.

No sooner had this been done, when in walked the neighbour with a broad smile on his face. "I have come to collect

my winnings," he sniggered, looking around to see where the safe was.

As soon as he saw the safe in the loft, he made a bee-line for the ladder, and was soon clambering up to the loft. Before he was halfway up the ladder, Jayapal shouted to him to stop. "You have claimed your winnings, my friend," he said. "The first thing you touched in this house was that ladder. So take it and go."

The neighbour cursed himself for his own foolishness, and in the end, grumbling under his breath, he took the ladder and staggered out of the house. Vikram was relieved that all he had lost was an old ladder, but at least he had learned a good lesson, and that was a still tongue makes a wise head.

A chipper young lieutenant with an eye to the future approached a notoriously grouchy brigadier general at his club in London one day.

"Good morning, General," he saluted ingratiatingly.

"Grumpf," responded the general.

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Garumph."

"General, I trust you will pardon me for speaking of such a personal matter, but I read in the papers that you buried your wife yesterday, and I want to extend my heartfelt sympathy."

The general adjusted his monocle and stared at the young man for a moment.

"Oh, yes—yes," he replied. "I buried my wife. . . . Had to—dead, y'know."

WAR OF THE RIVAL GODS!

WHAT strange stories are engraved upon the walls within the cavernous pyramids of ancient Egypt? What does the picture writing in these tombs of kings tell us of the tribes of the Nile valley and their gods?

Many learned scholars have studied them and the stories they read in these stone or brick structures unfold a narrative of wandering tribes, bearded hunters and of the gods which led them into battle.

Plutarch, a Greek author who lived in the 1st century A.D., evidently knew what these ancient texts contained. In writing of events long past, he related happenings which the kings had engraved inside their pyramids 25 centuries before him.

Somewhere on the sandy-coloured walls may be the story of Osiris, one of Egypt's greatest gods, whom Plutarch tells us about in detail.

Osiris was the god of the dead and was born in Thebes in Upper Egypt. His first job was to abolish cannibalism. He

taught the people how to make farming tools and to grow grain and grapes. Later, he built towns and gave his people fair laws.

After civilising Egypt, Osiris set out on a conquest of Asia, coming back home after he had travelled the whole world and spread civilisation everywhere.

But the homecoming of this tall, dark, handsome god was marred by the jealousy of his younger brother, Set, who was a rough, wild, red-headed villain.

Set plotted to overthrow his brother, hiring 72 men to conspire with him. Great festivals were being held to welcome Osiris home and, using these as an excuse Set invited his brother to a magnificent banquet.

During this, a skilfully-carved chest was brought into the hall. Set explained jestingly that it would belong to whomever it fitted perfectly.

Osiris humoured his brother and climbed into the chest without suspicion. At once, the 72 men rushed forward, forced



the lid on to the chest and nailed it down firmly.

However powerfully Osiris struggled, he could not escape from the stout chest which was thrown into the Nile and carried out to sea.

With his brother dead, Set became king, not knowing that Osiris had been restored to eternal life by the goddess Isis.

Afterwards, Isis determined to bring up her son, Horus, to avenge the evil deed which Set had committed.

While she was doing this, Osiris, who was living in the land of the gods, often appeared before Horus, who was his son, and taught him how to use weapons so that he could make war on Set.

On the walls of the temple of Horus at Edfu in Upper Egypt were pictured the campaign of the young god against Set.

He is shown piercing his enemies with a lance while his warriors fight Set's soldiers, who turn themselves into crocodiles, hippopotami and antelopes. But even so they do not escape the blows of Horus's army.

Wearyed by the lengthy war, three gods tried to end it by calling Set and Horus before them. They listened to the

arguments of the two enemies carefully.

Set declared that Horus had no right to the throne because he was an impostor. But Horus proved that as he was the true son of the murdered king, he should reign as his father's heir.

With this, the three gods agreed. Set was condemned and Horus was declared the ruler of the two Egypts, Upper and Lower. By this act, the young king earned the title of Horus, Lord of the Two Lands.

Peace came to Egypt with Horus's successful reign. He always remained the country's national god. In fact, each of the Pharaohs or kings—which followed used the title of "the Living Horus."

Set ended up by becoming a kind of devil who was hated by all the gods. Usually he is shown in the old pictures as having the face of a frightening beast with a thin, curved snout.

There were river gods and desert gods, sacred animals and gods in human form gods with animal heads and human bodies gods who lived alone in temples and gods who married and had families. And they all had strange and mysterious powers for good or evil!

Robin Hood



and his MERRY men

The Earl's son, Robin, with his loyal followers, fled into Sherwood Forest, where the Normans could not find them. Robin made up his mind what to do. He called his friends to him, and said: "I am now the Earl, and have no home. I am an outlaw and I will fight the Normans as long as I live."

A Norman baron, Robert the Wolf, was helping Prince John to seize the throne of England while King Richard the Lion Heart was away in Palestine. He killed the Earl of Huntingdon and burned his home, Newstead Manor.





Robin was glad to have such true friends, but there was much to do. He explained matters to them. "We must find a secret hiding place in the forest," he said. "We must get arms, food and clothing as soon as we can."

Friar Tuck laid his hands on Robin's shoulders. "We will have to disguise ourselves with hoods and cloaks," he said. "So I give our leader a new name—ROBIN HOOD." That's how Robin came by his famous name. From then onwards he was known as Robin Hood, the enemy of all Normans.



Robin had to know his way about the forest so that he could always outwit the Normans if he met them. Then as he made a path through the undergrowth, he found his way barred by a stream, but a big tree had fallen across it.



"That is lucky," thought Robin. "I shall be able to get across easily." He stepped on one end of the tree just as a man stepped on the other end. The stranger was big, strong and tall—well over six feet in height.

"You must go back and let me cross," declared Robin. The stranger laughed at him. "No! You must go back," he replied. "We'll see about that!" retorted Robin. "Now go back before I crack your head with my staff." The stranger chuckled. "Who will you get to help you?"





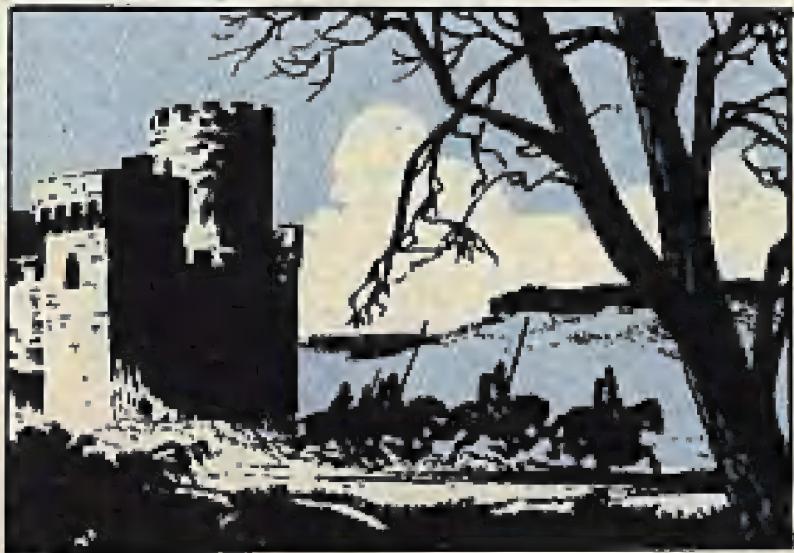
Robin and the stranger started fighting with their staves. Robin was a very clever fighter with a staff, but he found the big man as good as he was. They fought on, and on, until the big man, with a great blow, sent Robin flying.

Of course, Robin was very surprised because he had felt sure that no one could beat him. As Robin hit the muddy water, the big man stood on the narrow log bridge and laughed at his success. "Ho, Ho!" he roared. "What a splash you made."



Robin stood up to his neck in the water and did not feel like laughing. The big man's laughter rang through the glen, but he laughed too much, because he suddenly lost his footing on the log, and tumbled into the river.

Robin and the big stranger laughed so heartily that they could hardly drag themselves to the bank. Robin took a liking to the big man. "Who are you?" he asked. "Call me John," was the reply. Back at the camp the big man proved how strong he was by lifting Friar Tuck high over his head.



Robin Hood and his merry men decided to call the big man Little John, and whilst they were enjoying a great feast in honour of Little John, the Norman baron, Robert the Wolf, was riding from his castle with a company of soldiers intent on finding Robin Hood and killing him.



The cruel Norman baron knew that Robin would fight for King Richard against Prince John as long as he was able. "This outlaw, Robin Hood, must die quickly," growled the Norman. "So we must get help in case we are not enough."

When they reached Sherwood Forest, the Norman baron suddenly had an idea. "We will tell the Sheriff of Nottingham he must help us," he announced. "Between us we will soon find Robin Hood."



The Sheriff of Nottingham was startled when one of his servants told him that Robert the Wolf had come to see him. "He comes from Prince John," he exclaimed. "I must do whatever he says, I dare not upset Robert the Wolf."

ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE



HOODWINDED AGAIN!

Brer Fox strolled slowly over to where our friend the Rabbit was lolling against a tree. Although the wily Fox gave the Rabbit an attempt of a pleasant smile, his thoughts were full of the time when that smart Rabbit had turned the tables on him. Maybe this time, he thought, I will out-smart the long-eared rascal.

"How would you like to come hunting with me to-day?" asked Brer Fox, with visions of the Rabbit catching its foot in a snare and making a delightful supper.

The Rabbit sighed. "I am afraid not. You see, to-day, like yesterday and the day before, is a holiday for me so I am enjoying a good rest."

"Bah," scolded Brer Fox.

"If you don't hunt, you will starve to death."

"I will manage somehow," retorted the Rabbit with a grin.

Well, Brer Fox went off hunting, and later in the afternoon, the Rabbit took up a position on the path he knew Brer Fox would come along, curious to see what his old enemy had managed to catch.

When he saw Brer Fox in the distance, weighed down with a heavy sack on his shoulders, he said to himself. "Old Fox has done well. Perhaps I will enjoy a good feed after all." With that, the Rabbit promptly stretched out on the path, pretending to be dead.

As soon as Brer Fox saw the body of the Rabbit lying on the path, he shouted with glee.

"A nice dead rabbit. As soon as I have taken this load to my den, I will come back and collect this rabbit."

Off he went, smacking his lips in anticipation. Before Brer Fox had gone very far, the Rabbit leaped to its feet and scampered madly through the forest to get ahead of Brer Fox. Edging his way through the bushes to the path, the Rabbit could see Brer Fox hurrying along in the distance, and again he stretched himself on the path, as though dead.

Brer Fox's eyes nearly popped out of his head when he came to a second dead

rabbit. "Another rabbit," he shouted. "This is too good to be true. I had better go back and get the other rabbit. Then I can hide both the rabbits in the bush, and collect them later." With that, Brer Fox left his sack by the side of the path, and trotted back to get the first rabbit. No sooner was he out of sight, when the Rabbit got up, and hoisting Brer Fox's sack onto its back, made off for its burrow, to have a good feed.

Poor Brer Fox went home, sad and hungry, puzzling his head as to how that meddlesome Rabbit must have cheated him again.

RESULT OF JANUARY FEATURE CONTEST

Our thanks to the many readers who submitted entries. Divergence of opinion was decidedly narrow and the order of popularity by the majority vote was:

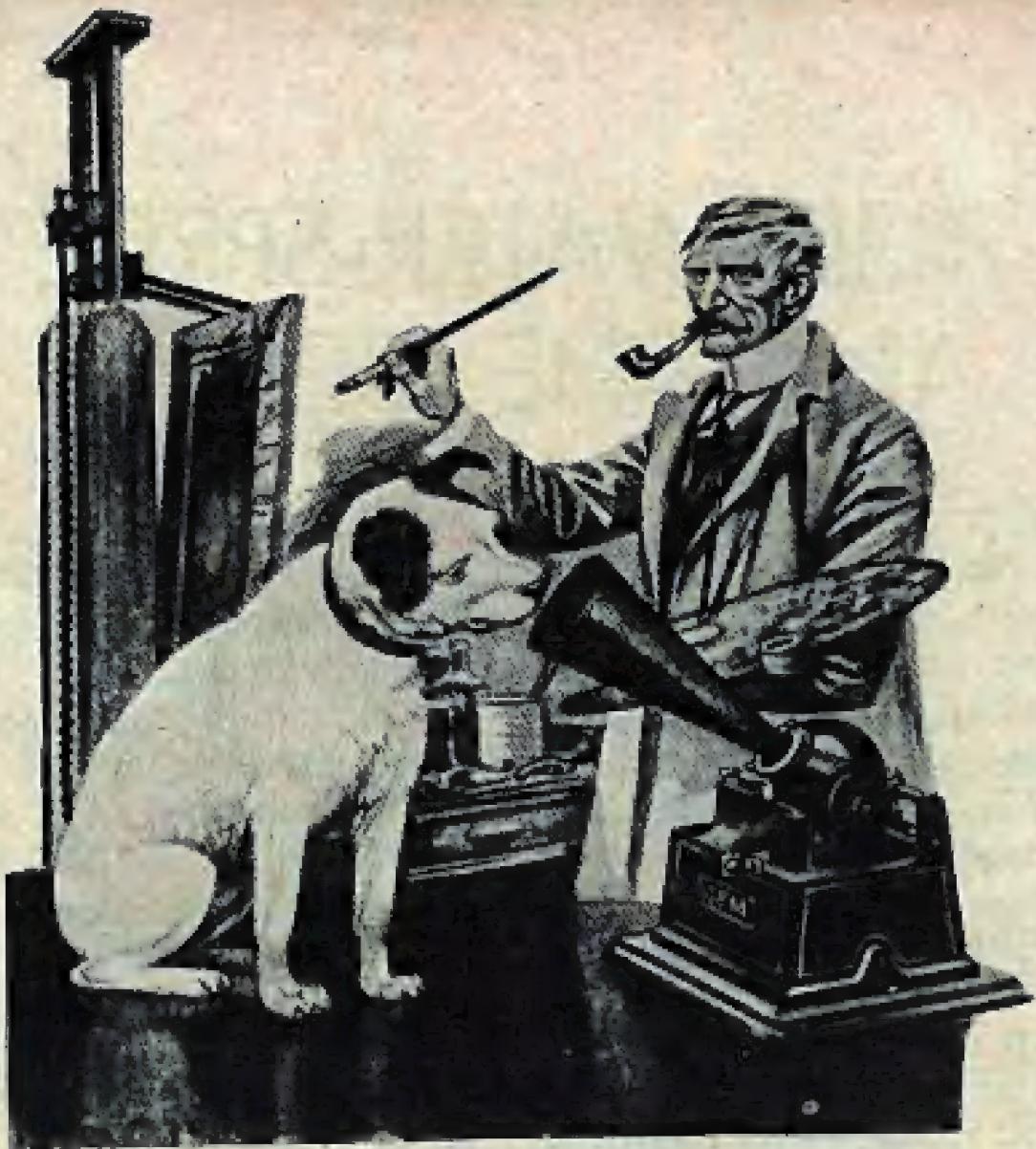
- (1) *The Hundred Cherries.* (2) *Third Time Lucky.* (3) *The Story of the Wooden Horse.* (4) *The Princess and the Beggar.* (5) *The Truthful Servant.* (6) *Robin Hood.*

The Rs. 50 prize is shared by — T. C. Krishnan,

West Hill, Calicut-5

— S. Kannan,

24/383, Kannanwar Nagar
Vikhroli, Bombay-83



OUR DUMB FRIENDS

Most of our readers will have seen, on His Master's Voice records, the famous trademark of a little dog listening to the music coming from a phonograph. The dog was Nipper, owned by Francis Barraud, an artist. Nipper loved to sit and listen to his master's phonograph. (Incidentally the phonograph was the earlier example of the present gramophone or record player. The word gramophone is an inversion of phonogram.) Francis Barraud decided to paint music loving Nipper. Later, the painting was sold to a gramophone company under the title of "His Master's Voice". The company used the painting as its trademark; and so the dog, Nipper, became famous.

THE WATER-SPRITE AND THE BEAR

In a mill, by a stream, there once lived a miller. He was a contented man and happy at his work, until one day a water-sprite came to live in the stream near the mill. The water-sprite was an ugly creature, with long, dank hair, sharp, pointed teeth and webbed feet.

At first it was not so bad, because he only popped his head up out of the water and looked at people as they went past, but soon he took to sitting on the bank and staring at them with his round, pebble-like eyes, which frightened them away. Then, one day, the miller found the water-sprite in his kitchen, sitting by the fire. It was most unpleasant and the miller could do nothing about it, for he was quite scared of the water-sprite. No one knew where he was likely to appear next.

One day the water-sprite saw the miller's wife roast some meat over the fire. He went closer and sniffed at the meat.

Next morning, he arrived with five fish on a stick and he sat down without a word and roasted them over the fire. Then he sat in a corner and ate them, heads and tails and all. When he had finished, he sat and watched the miller and his wife eating their breakfast, which quite put them off their food.

He soon came into the mill whenever it pleased him, sitting under the table at supper time, or in front of the fire in the kitchen, or suddenly appearing on a dark corner of the stairs at bedtime. The servant girl left in a hurry when she found that the water-sprite had been lying on her bed and made the blankets all wet, for he dripped water wherever he went. Three other servant girls followed her, one after the other, for no one would stay long with the water-sprite around.

Then he took to starting the mill wheel turning in the middle of the night, so that it woke the



miller and his wife with a start and the miller had to get out of bed to see what was the matter. Soon, the boy who helped in the mill got another job and before long, the miller's wife left and went home to her mother. The miller, who had to make a living, was left all alone with the water-sprite.

Life was very lonely and miserable for him now. No one from the village would come

The water-sprite popped his head out of the water and scared passers-by

and work for him, to take the boy's place, and no servant girl would come near the house. The water-sprite had driven everyone away.

One night, a bear-trainer, with a bear on the end of a chain, knocked at the mill door. He was on his way to the next town, where there was a fair. There, his bear would dance and perform tricks. He asked the miller if he might have a bed for the night, for himself and the bear. The miller longed for some company for a change, but he explained about the water-sprite. "You would be much better walking the other

three miles to the village," he said. "No one will come here now that the water-sprite is here."

The bear-trainer only laughed. "I am not afraid of a water-sprite," he said. "Bruin, my bear, has strong paws and sharp claws. He can soon take care of a water-sprite."

The miller was pleased to have a guest and he took the bear-trainer and his bear inside and gave them supper. The water-sprite had gone back to the stream, so they had a pleasant evening chatting. Finally, they went to bed. The bear-trainer had the guest room and Bruin was chained to the bed-post.

**"My bear can soon take care
of a water-sprite."**



Next morning, the miller went down to make breakfast and his heart sank, for there, on the hearth, sat the water-sprite. He was huddled over the remains of the fire, cooking his fish. Four grilled fish were spread out beside him and he was turning the fifth over the fire. As the miller and the bear-trainer entered the room, the water-sprite turned and showed his pointed teeth in a grin. "Good morning," he said.

The bear-trainer turned to his bear. "Look, Bruin," he said pointing to the fish. "Breakfast."

The bear ambled over and sniffed at the fish. Then he picked one up and gobbled it quickly. He picked up a second and gobbled that, but as he stretched out his paw for the third, the water-sprite rushed at him, shrieking and waving his fists.

The bear did not move. He lifted one massive paw and dealt the water-sprite a blow which made his ears ring. The water-sprite turned and fled, shrieking, from the kitchen, chased by the growling bear. There was a splash, as the water-sprite leapt into the stream beside the mill.

The bear went back to the fire and ate the other three fish, while the bear-trainer laughed loudly. "I told you Bruin could make short work of any water-sprite," he said. Then he and the miller sat down to breakfast. Afterwards, the bear-trainer and his bear went on their way. "I hope you have seen the last of your water-sprite," called the bear-trainer, as he waved good-bye.

As the hours went by and the miller did not see a sign of the water-sprite, he began to feel happier. All that day, the water-sprite did not make an appearance. It was the same the next day and the next, for nearly a week. Each day, the miller grew more cheerful and he began to think of the happy times he and his wife had had before the water sprite had come. He decided he would take the next day off and go over to his wife's mother's house, to ask his wife to come home, but, next morning, when the miller went into the kitchen to cook his breakfast, there was the water-sprite again, sitting in front of the fire cooking his fish. He turned and smiled at the miller, showing his long, pointed teeth. The miller was



The bear gave the water-sprite a blow which made his ears ring

too miserable to smile back.

There was silence for a few minutes, then the water-sprite said, "By the way, miller, where is that big cat of yours? I have not seen it for several days." He had mistaken the bear for a big cat.

How the miller longed to have the bear back again. Then,

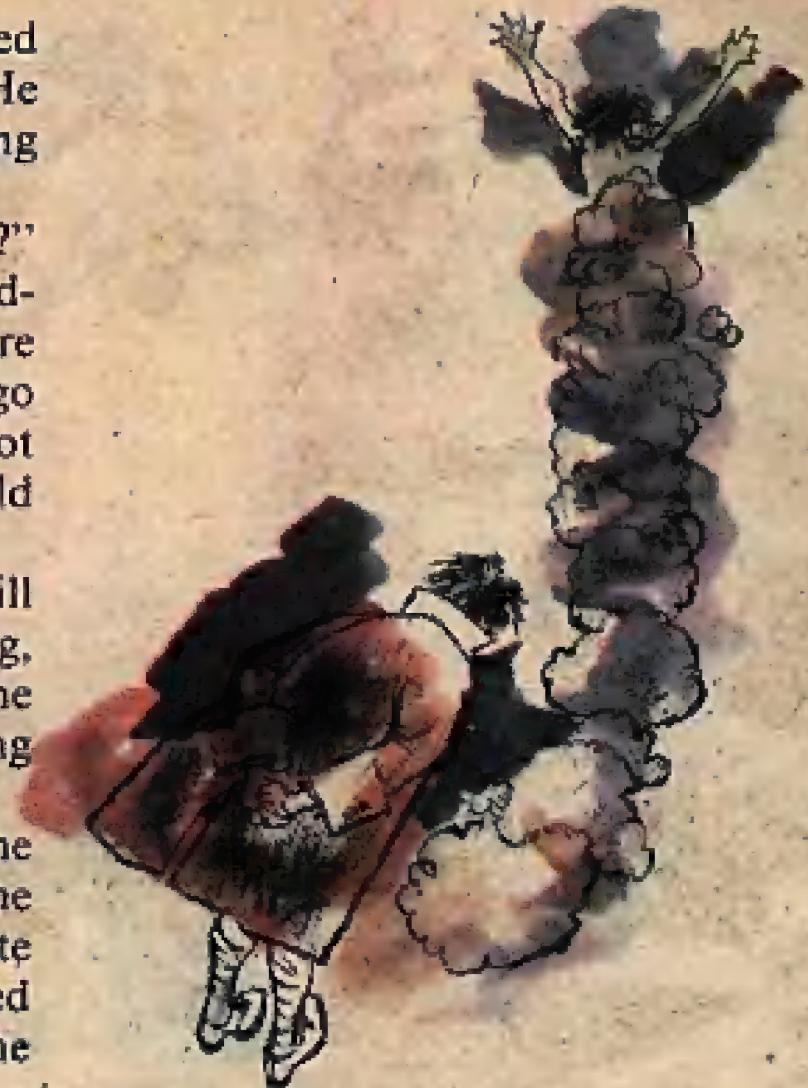
suddenly, an idea struck him. "Oh, the cat," he said. "She has not gone away, but I am not surprised you have not seen her. She has had kittens. There are seven of them and they are all like their mother. They are only tiny at the moment, of course, but they will soon grow."

A look of horror appeared on the water-sprite's face. He dropped the fish he was cooking and jumped to his feet.

"She has seven little ones?" he cried in alarm. "Then good-day to you, miller. If they are all like their mother I shall go away at once. You will not see me in this part of the world again."

He rushed out of the mill door and away, like lightning, while the miller stood in the middle of the kitchen, laughing heartily to himself.

Then he went down to the village, to tell everyone the good news that the water-sprite was gone and, in fact, so scared was the water-sprite that he was never seen again.





THE IMMORTAL SEAMAN

"*Thank God I have done my duty,*" gasped the most famous seaman as he was dying amid the din and racket of the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805.

Horatio Nelson was barely 14 years old when he volunteered to serve aboard one of the two ships settling

sail on an Arctic expedition. The two ships, *Racehorse* and *Carcass*, penetrated the ice to within ten degrees of the Pole.

Promotion came quickly for the young sailor who was seasick at the start of every voyage. Yet no matter how ill he felt, he always strove his



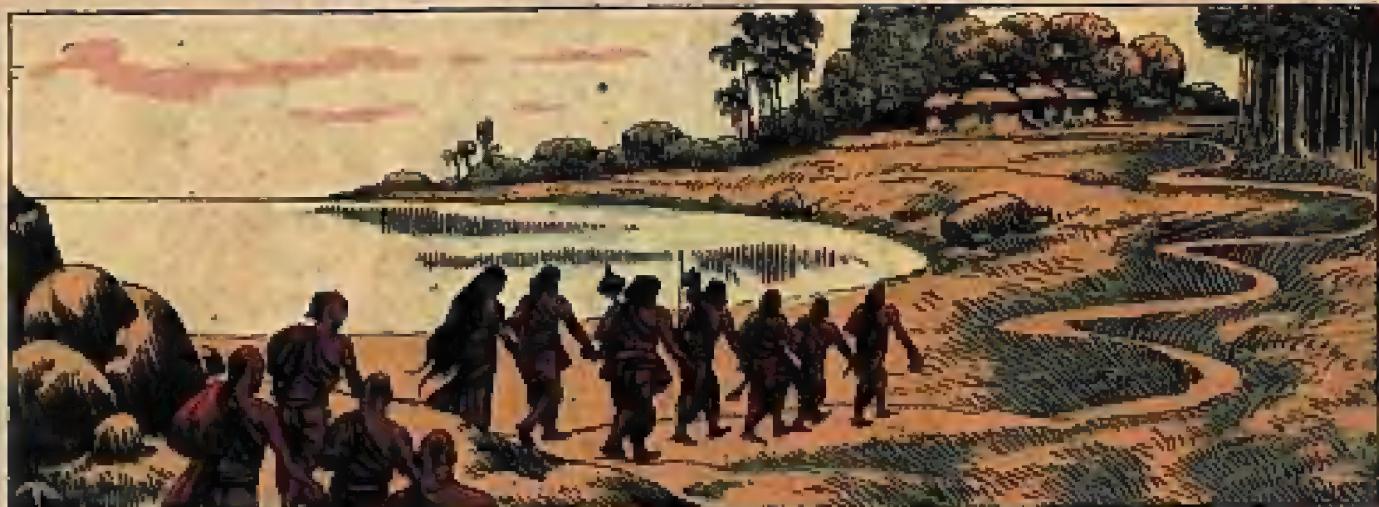
utmost to do his duty.

At the seige of Calvi, a French fortification on the island of Corsica, Nelson lost the sight of his right eye. Then, when leading a land attack on the Spanish port of Santa Cruz, a grapeshot shattered his right elbow. To save his life, the surgeons removed his arm.

Nelson's greatest victories were the battles of the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar, when outnumbered and outgunned, Nelson sailed his own fleet in double line to cut the crescent for-

mation of the enemy in two.

India, like other countries has had its great men and women, who have unflinchingly shouldered tremendous burdens in their unselfish duty to the country. No words will ever describe the principles of duty more clearly, nor more beautifully, than those of the *Bhagavad Gita*, when Krishna addressed Arjuna on the doctrine that for every man, no matter to what caste he may belong, the zealous performance of his duty and the discharge of his obligations is his most important work.



MAHABHARATA

The Story so far:

The Pandava princes are forced to spend twelve years in exile, and accompanied by Draupadi, dwelt in the forest. Great saints came to see Yudhishtira, the eldest of the princes, and narrated to him legends of ancient time and former kings. The great sage Vyasa urged Arjuna to acquire celestial arms by penance and worship. Arjuna followed the advice, met the god Shiva, who gave him the pasupata weapon. Arjuna was then taken to the Kingdom of the Gods, and the great Indra presented him with many wondrous gifts.

After the return of Arjuna

from the Kingdom of the Gods, the Pandava princes spent more than four years wandering on the Gandhamadana mountains. As the tenth year of their exile was drawing to a close, Yudhishtira decided that they return to the plains.

Back again in the great forest, Bhima one morning, decided to set out alone to hunt wild animals. As the forest abounded with game, Bhima had no difficulty in killing a variety of animals, which he dragged to a clearing by the pathway. As he stood congratulating himself on the number of animals he had slain, there was a rustling in the grass behind him. Turning





Bhima goes hunting

round quickly, Bhima was amazed to see an immense python slithering towards him.

This was certainly the largest snake he had ever seen. Green and gold in colour, with a huge evil flat head; and when it opened its gaping mouth, Bhima realised this monster could swallow a grown man easily.

Bhima bid his time, then pounced to grab the loathsome reptile at the back of its head. But the snake was much too fast, and Bhima found himself wrapped in the coils of the reptile. With all his great strength, Bhima was absolutely helpless, held in a vice-like grip,

that threatened to crush him to death.

Just then, there was a shout from close at hand, and Yudhishtira, with the priest Dhaumya, who had been looking for Bhima, came on the scene. Yudhishtira felt this could be no ordinary snake, but probably a demon in this malevolent guise.

"O King of Serpents," he said, walking closer. "If you are hungry, we will supply all the food you require. But release my brother, I beg of you."

"Your brother is my lawful prey," snorted the snake. "And if you remain here, your body will add to my meal."

"Tell me, who are you?" Yudhishtira asked.

"I am Nahusha, a Kuru ancestor of yours," replied the snake. "I resided in the Kingdom of the Gods for many years, but my arrogance was the cause of my ruin. I insulted the Sage Agasthya, who in his anger cursed me to become this awful snake, to roam the earth until someone can answer the riddles he set. Then and only then, will I be restored to my natural form."

Yudhishtira without hesitation said. "Ask me your

riddles, and I will do my best to answer them."

"What makes the sun shine everyday?" asked the snake.

Yudhishtira replied. "The power of Brahman."

"What rescues a man in danger?"

"Courage is man's salvation in danger."

"What is happiness?"

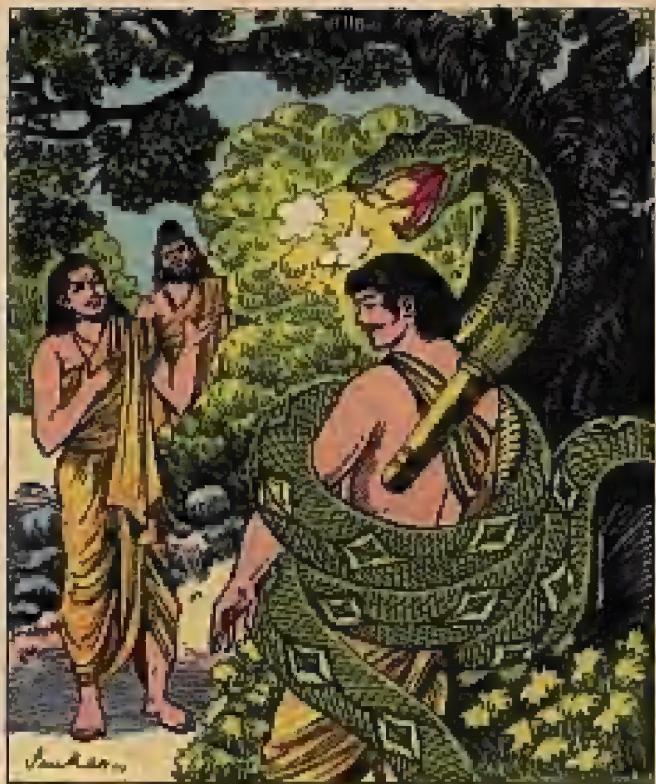
"Happiness is the result of good conduct."

"What is the greatest wonder in the world?"

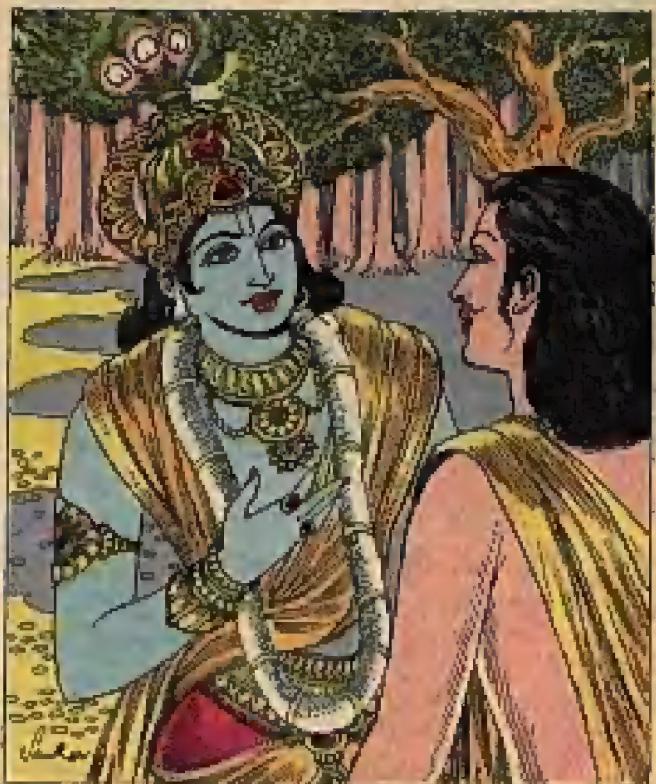
"Everyday men die and depart to Yama's abode and yet, those who remain, seek to live for ever. This verily is the greatest wonder."

The snake asked many more riddles, but Yudhishtira answered them all. In the end the snake announced. "You have answered all my riddles." As it spoke, it released Bhima from its coils, and suddenly changed into the natural form of man. But before anyone could speak, he who had been cursed vanished into thin air.

Soon after this episode, Sri Krishna and his queen, Satya, visited the Pandava princes in the forest. Addressing Yudhishtira, Krishna said. "Soon your long years of exile will



In the coils of a giant python



Krishna assures Yudhishtira

end. These years of adversity have proved you to be a man of honour. The time is approaching when, I am sure, you will regain your rightful inheritance”

Yudhishtira was greatly moved and thanked Krishna. “With you as our friend and philosopher, we shall face life with courage. If war against the Kaurava princes becomes inevitable, your guidance will be our strongest weapon.”

Many sages visited the Pandava princes in the forest, and one of them visited the blind

king, Dhritarashtra at Hastinapura. The sage told the king that the princes were undergoing many privations whilst they were in exile. Though Dhritarashtra tried to convey words of sympathy, his mind was troubled with thoughts of the future. “Why did we become a prey to greediness? Why did we take the path of injustice? Wrong cannot but yield a bitter harvest, and the Pandavas will cry out for vengeance.” These thoughts perpetually haunted the blind king, and gave him no peace.



The man at the bar finished his second glass of beer and turned to ask the manager of the place, “How many kegs of beer do you sell here in a week?”

“Thirty-five,” the manager answered with pride.
“Well, I’ve just thought of a way you can sell 70.”
The manager was startled. “How?”
“It’s simple. Fill up the glasses.”

NATURE: Mammals—

Irish Setter



NATURE: Mammals—

Old English Sheepdog



NATURE: Mammals—

Greyhound



NATURE: Mammals—

Borzoi



NATURE : Mammals—

Old English Sheepdog

THE Old English Sheepdog or Bob-tail Sheepdog, as it is sometimes called, is rarely used as a working sheepdog nowadays. It is more often kept as a pet, although it still makes a good guard dog.

It is a very old breed of dog and is extremely intelligent and docile.

The coat is very long and shaggy and has a rough, coarse texture and is particularly thick on the hindquarters and the head. The undercoat is also thick and waterproof.

Old English Sheepdogs walk with a very characteristic rolling gait, moving the legs on the same side of the body at the same time.

Some Old English Sheepdog puppies are born without tails but usually the tails are docked when the animals are young.

NATURE : Mammals—

Borzoi

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows a Borzoi, sometimes known as a Russian Greyhound.

In Russia, where it came from originally, it was used exclusively for hunting wolves and was extremely popular at the Russian court. With the rise to power of the Bolsheviks, however, its popularity decreased and many of the kennels in Russia where Borzois were bred were closed.

A good Borzoi dog should stand at least 29 inches high at the shoulders. A Borzoi bitch should be about 2 ins. shorter.

The hair is long and silky and quite often waved. The coat is usually white in colour with brindle, blue or grey markings.

NATURE : Mammals—

Irish Setter

IRISH SETTERS originated in Ireland, as their name suggests, but early ones were often red and white in colour. This colour has now disappeared and present-day Irish Setter all have rich chestnut coats.

These dogs are similar to other setters in general appearance but they are usually slimmer and with longer heads than English Setters.

The coat is short on the front of the legs and the head, but is fairly long on other parts. There is feathering on backs of the legs, on the tail and between the toes.

Irish Setters are very gentle dogs and make loyal and affectionate companions.

Other names for the Irish Setter are Red Setter and Modder Rhu.

NATURE : Mammals—

Greyhound

THE dog in the picture on the other side of this index card is a Greyhound, Grighound or Long-dog.

The Greyhound is an extremely old breed of dog and, in fact, was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans as a coursing dog. It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth I that rules for coursing were first established. These were drawn up by the then Duke of Norfolk.

The height of a good Greyhound is between 28 and 30 inches. The coat is short and smooth and the colour may be black, white, blue, fawn, red, brindle or any of these colours mixed with white.

Greyhounds have long tails, usually set low on the body.



The First Olympic Games

The people of Ancient Greece loved games and sports of all kinds. From the very earliest times they had held special games at the funerals of very important people. It was their way of paying honour to dead leaders. There would be chariot-racing, boxing, wrestling and running among the sports at the funeral games.

The Greeks believed that to lead a really happy life a man had to have a healthy mind and a healthy body, and the games and sports helped to keep the men fit and strong. They also helped to keep them trained and ready for battle.

In many places special Games

were held where all the athletes met to try their skill in the sporting events. The most famous of these were the Games held at Olympia every four years, in honour of the Greek god Zeus.

Athletes from all the cities of Greece went to take part.

The Greek cities were really small independent states. They were often quarrelling and making war on each other, especially the two big and important cities of Athens and Sparta, but when the heralds from Olympia went round to tell everyone that the Games were due to start, a special peace was declared. The fighting stopped and all



the athletes trained very hard.

Many people flocked to Olympia to watch the Games, which lasted for five days. They camped together on the plain and went to the stadium, where the Games were held, to cheer the athletes from their own cities.

The Games opened with horse and chariot races, but the event which everyone waited for was called the Pentathlon. This was really five events in one—running, jumping, wrestling, throwing the discus and throwing the javelin.

If any athlete managed to win all five he became a great hero.

He was awarded only a crown of wild olive, but he was acclaimed the greatest athlete in all Greece.

The races were very popular, and the athletes were so keen to win that they were likely to start too soon if the referee did not keep a strict eye on them. Pictures of referees show them holding big, strong sticks with which they could keep the athletes in order, instead of whistles, as our referees have.

There was a long race run over a course a mile and a half long, as well as short sprints run over several hundred yards. There was also a race run by men wearing full armour.

The Games at Olympia went on for a thousand years, but finally, in the year A.D. 393, they were stopped. In 1896 the Olympic Games were started again in Athens. Now they are held in a different country every four years and athletes from all over the world take part in them.

This year, the Olympic Games will be held in Munich, West Germany. Athletes from all over the world will be competing, and we are all hoping that India, will win some of those coveted gold medals.

Angus and the Elves

A charming tale from the Scottish island of Iona.
It is from an old legend supplied by Kathleen Mehean.

Iona is a very small island off the most Westerly coast of Mull, in Scotland, completely cut off from the mainland and so, if you lived there, you had to be good at handling a boat. It was also a lonely place, with no entertainments, so you had to be good at telling a story, to wile away the long nights.

On Iona, there was one young man who was good at both. His name was Angus. However, despite his skills, he was often unhappy, for he was a hunchback. Wherever he went, he could never forget this great, ugly hump on his back. He tried to hide the pain, but when it was too bad to bear, he would go away from everyone and walk by the sea-shore or climb the little hill, called Dun-I.

Other days, when he felt quite well, he wondered if he dare ask the lovely girl, Cairistiona, to marry him. Then he

would think how stupid he was. How could he ask Cairistiona to marry him, when he had the ugly hump on his back?

One day, the pain was so bad, that he went to the top of Dun-I and said, "I can bear it no longer, the pain is too bad...", but he had to bear it until it grew better.

Then, when he looked at the lovely sea, he felt ashamed of himself and he said, "Oh, Angus, how selfish you are. Just be glad that the pain has gone. Look at the sea, feel the warmth of the sun, listen to the chirping of the crickets."

He lay down, letting the dew-covered grass cool his hot face. Then he sat up. He had heard something strange. "Can that be the wind singing?" he asked himself. "It is a very funny song."

He listened again.

No, it could not possibly be

the wind singing. The sounds were coming from behind a bush.

"Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday —"

Angus stood up and walked over the grass to peer behind the bush. He could not believe his eyes. There before him was a wee elf.

The elf had stopped his singing and skipping and he had one leg high in the air. He put it down, muttering crossly to himself, "No, no, no! I cannot possibly sing a song that ends on Tuesday and leaves one of my legs up in the air."

The elf began again, "Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday —" and there he was again, with one leg high in the air.

How angry he was! He stamped his foot hard on the ground and tried again. "Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday —"

"—Wednesday!" sang Angus, very loudly and the little elf's foot came down in time with the word.

The little elf danced up and down with joy and sang his song over and over again.

"Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday — WEDNESDAY!"

The little elf ran over to Angus, grinning happily.

"Was it you who finished my song off for me?" he asked.

"Aye," said Angus, "it was."

"Then as you helped me," replied the elf, "I must do something for you, in return."

"There is no need," Angus told him. "Surely, a man can do a good deed without a reward."

"Just wait a wee while," called the elf, for Angus had already begun to turn away. "there is no need to be in a hurry. Tell me now, why did you come to Dun-I, alone and sad?"

"Can you not see the lump on my back?" asked Angus. "I come to Dun-I when the pain gets very bad. I put my face on the cool grass and soon my back gets less weary. How would you like to have a hump on *your* back?"

Angus turned to go away once more, but the little elf jumped on to a boulder and shouted after him.

"Do not be in such a hurry. Would you like to lose your

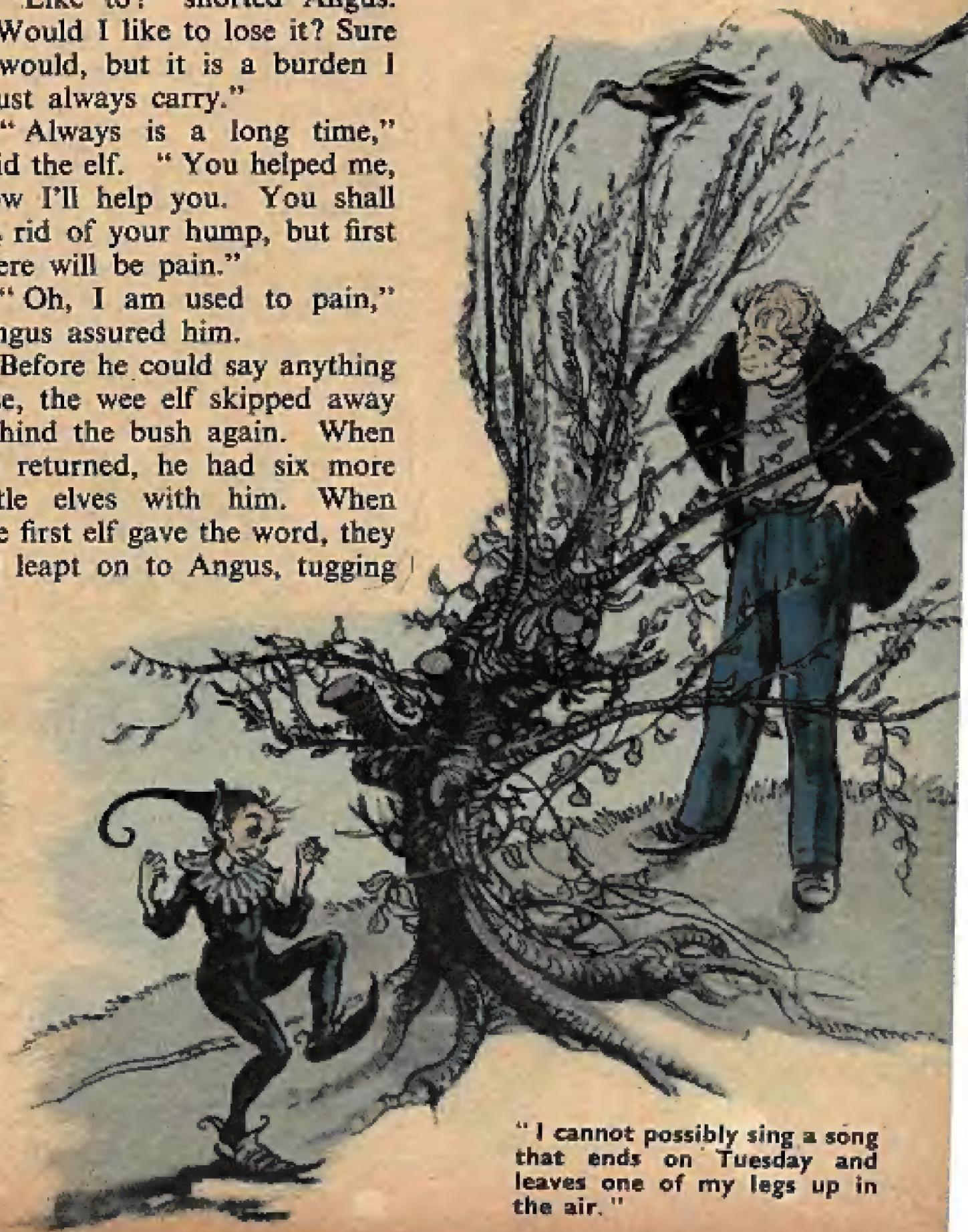
hump?"

"Like to?" snorted Angus.
"Would I like to lose it? Sure
I would, but it is a burden I
must always carry."

"Always is a long time,"
said the elf. "You helped me,
now I'll help you. You shall
be rid of your hump, but first
there will be pain."

"Oh, I am used to pain,"
Angus assured him.

Before he could say anything
else, the wee elf skipped away
behind the bush again. When
he returned, he had six more
little elves with him. When
the first elf gave the word, they
all leapt on to Angus, tugging



"I cannot possibly sing a song
that ends on Tuesday and
leaves one of my legs up in
the air."

at his hump and shouting,
"Monday — Tuesday — WEDNESDAY!"

Angus groaned. The elves were rather heavy. Then, all at once, they leapt to the ground. Angus picked himself up and stood up straight. "It has gone," he shouted. "My hump has gone."

He turned round to thank the wee folk for their help, but there was no sign of them. He

ran home down the hill, rejoicing. When he reached the bottom, he turned. There, in the distance, were the little elves, dark figures against the skyline and he could just hear their voices, faintly but plainly. "Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday—WEDNESDAY!"

Everyone in the village was very pleased to see Angus again, such a fine, upright man now



All the elves leapt on to
Angus

and no one was more pleased than the girl Cairistiona. Soon afterwards, Angus was married. Do you know who to? It had to be Cairistiona, the fairest maiden in all the Isle of Iona, and they lived happily ever after.

Angus never saw the little elves again; but he did not forget them or their song. He used to sing it to himself, "Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday — Monday — Tuesday — WEDNESDAY!" and remember the day that they helped him, on the little hill, called Dun-I.

He ran home down the hill,
a new man



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!
Winning captions will be announced in the May issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded for the best double caption. Remember, entries must be received by the 31st March.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with age and sent to:

Photo Caption Contest,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in January Issue

The prize is awarded to
Mr. Manu Mark Imam,
15 Hospital Road,
Shivaji Nagar,
Bangalore-1

Winning entry— 'Family on a Cruise'—'Drums on a ruse'

The Widow's Ruse

Sitaram the scholar, frowned as he read the letter from his old tutor in Benares, inviting him to visit the city to meet distinguished men of learning, who would be in the city for a conference.

It is an invitation I cannot refuse, thought Sitaram, but what to do with the money I have saved? To take my five hundred rupees with me would be dangerous as there are far too many robbers on the road, who would gladly cut my throat for the sight of such a sum.

Then Sitaram thought of Jeevan the merchant, who always greeted him with a kind word and smile. Yes, Jeevan who was a wealthy man, would surely look after his savings while he was away.

Stowing his five hundred rupees in a bag, Sitaram hurried to Jeevan's shop, and asked the merchant to mind his money.

Jeevan with one eye on the bag of rupees, patted Sitaram on the shoulder. "You should

be careful whom you trust with so much money," he said drily. "I prefer not even to touch your money. But if you like, you can bury it in my house. Then only you will know where it is hidden, and so it will be quite safe."

Sitaram thought this to be a wonderful idea, not troubling to think, that it would be quite easy for Jeevan or anyone else to find where he had buried his wealth.

After digging a small hole in the corner of one of the rooms, Sitaram buried his precious money, and carefully stamping down the earth, gave a sigh of relief to know that during his absence his money would be so safe.

Six weeks later, Sitaram returned from Benares, full of all the wisdom he had acquired. He made straight for Jeevan's shop, and greeting the merchant said. "I am back from Benares. So I have come to collect the money I buried in your

house."

"Only you know where you buried it," replied Jeevan jovially. "So go and dig it up, whilst I attend to my customers."

Sitaram carefully measured out the spot where he had buried the money and began to dig. Although he dug quite a big hole, there was no trace of his money. Dropping his tools, Sitaram rushed into Jeevan's shop. "My money!" he shouted in despair. "It has vanished."

Jeevan looked amazed. "That is impossible. Only you knew where it was buried. You must have told someone and I warned

you not to trust anyone."

Getting little sympathy from Jeevan, Sitaram wandered aimlessly along the road, bitterly bemoaning the loss of all the money he possessed. But he was jolted out of his misery when someone clutched his sleeve. Turning round he saw it was the widow Bhavani, an old friend.

"What ails you, my son?" she asked. "You look as though you have all the troubles of the world perched on your shoulders."

Sitaram, glad to have someone to confide in, blurted out how he had buried his money in Jeevan's house before he went to Benares, and now it had gone.

The widow Bhavani looked puzzled at first, then she chuckled and said. "You were very foolish Sitaram, to trust that man Jeevan. Now, listen and do as I tell you, and you will get your money back."

Late that afternoon, the widow called at Jeevan's shop, looking very agitated. "I need help," she said in a pleading voice. "I have heard that my grandson in Benares is very ill, and I must go at once. But all my jewellery, what shall I do? I cannot take it with me,



The money has gone !



The widow begs Jeevan to mind her jewellery

so I hoped you would look after it for me".

The widow delved into a pocket, and brought out a cloth in which reposed several pieces of valuable jewellery. The sight of such wealth made Jeevan catch his breath, but he was soon assuring the widow that she could entrust her jewellery to his care, only she must not tell anyone of their secret arrangements.

Listening to all these sweet promises, the widow looked relieved, and wrapping up

the jewellery in her cloth, she said. "I will go home and get the rest of my jewels, and will be back here in an hour." With that, and clutching her precious package, she hastened down the road.

Jeevan, his eyes still glistening at such wealth, rubbed his hands in anticipation. But then, the thought struck him, suppose that silly woman learns about Sitaram's loss, I shall never get my hands on that jewellery. Why did I trouble about a mere five hundred rupees? I must

put that matter right, before Sitaram has the chance to meet the widow.

Shouting to one of his assistants, Jeevan told him to find Sitaram quickly. Sitaram was not difficult to find, as he was loitering near the shop. As soon as Sitaram appeared, Jeevan greeted him with open arms.

"I have wonderful news for you," he beamed. "You must have mistaken the spot where you buried your money, because I unearthed it in the far corner of the room. Here is your money."

Sitaram was overcome with joy to get back his money. Just then, the widow came to the shop, and catching sight of Sitaram, she gave a cry of

delight.

"Why, its Sitaram," she cried. "You have been to Benares. Did you by chance meet my grandson?"

"Yes I did," replied Sitaram. "He is looking very well and sent you his greetings."

"Then all those rumours I heard of him being ill, were false," she said indignantly. "Now I have no need to go to Benares. Giving Jeevan a smile, she continued. "And there is no need now for you to look after my jewellery."

Sitaram and the widow went happily along the road, and all Jeevan could do was sit there going purple in the face at the mere thought of all that jewellery and five hundred rupees slipping through of his fingers.



The eighth Duke of Devonshire once told some friends: "The other night I dreamed that I was addressing the House of Lords. Then I woke up and, by God, I was!"



SAGAR'S ADVENTURES

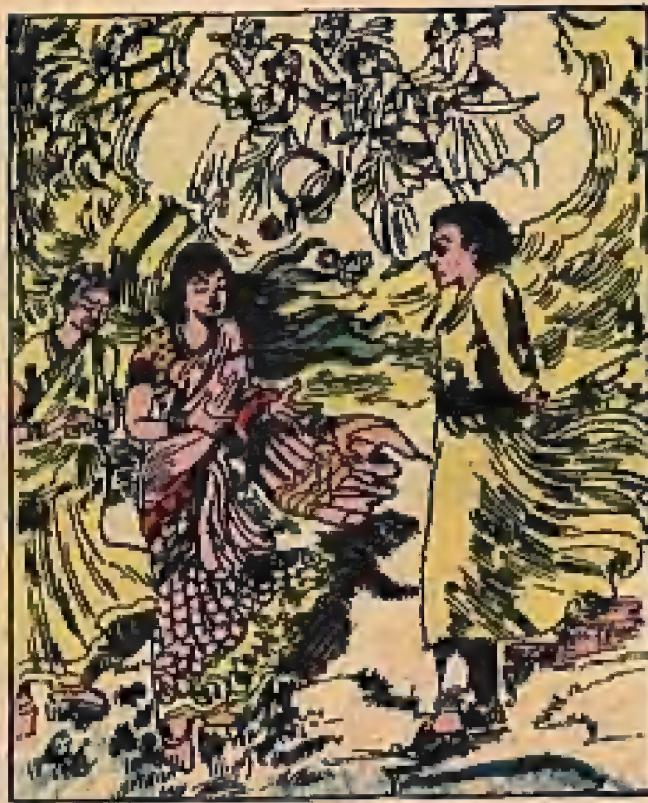
This story takes us back to the year 1815, and at that time there lived in Surat a wealthy merchant, named Kuber. From the west coast of Africa to east as far as Malaya and Java, Kuber's ships traded in spices, textiles, ivory, in fact everything that yielded a goodly profit.

Kuber had only one son, called Sagar, and this tall good-looking youth showed great promise in business, so Kuber felt that his son should travel and learn the finer arts of successful trading. With this thought in mind, Kuber called his son one morning. "My son," he said. "The time has come when you should know

the foreign markets, with whom we do business. Take one of our ships and visit the ports on the African coast, and we shall see if you have good judgment in buying profitable goods."

So Sagar, with a picked crew, sailed for Africa. The first few days were uneventful, then they encountered bad weather, which worsened as they neared the coast of Africa. On the sixteenth day land was sighted, and as several of the sails were badly ripped, Sagar decided to anchor in a sheltered inlet, to carry out repairs.

With the idea of getting fresh water and fruit, Sagar, with some of the crew, rowed ashore. It appeared to be a desolate



Sagar is struck by the princess's beauty

part of the coast, but after battling their way through the thick undergrowth, they heard shouting and screams in the distance. Unmindful of any danger, Sagar and his men hurried through the bush to find out what was amiss.

They soon came to a path, and headed towards them was an Arab cavalcade, led by a bearded ruffian on a fine horse. Behind this leader were about fifty negro men and women, chained together, whom the Arab guards were lashing with their long whips to make the poor devils go faster.

Sagar stood resolutely in the centre of the path and called upon the leader to halt. "Why are you ill-treating these people?" he demanded.

The leader glared at him. "I am Ibrahim, the great slave-trader," he snorted. "This carrion will fetch a good price. But out of my way, or by Allah, you will join them."

"Not so fast," declared Sagar, who refused to be scared of this evil looking Arab. "If these men and woman are for sale, what is your price?"

The Arab glared at Sagar, and then with a smirk, named a figure that sounded like an emperor's ransom. After considerable haggling, the Arab grudgingly lowered his demand, though he swore that one of his captives was an Arab princess, worth all her weight in solid gold.

"Stop your silly haggling," said Sagar in a contemptuous tone. "I will give you half of what you demand for all these slaves including your so-called beautiful princess."

To Sagar's surprise, the Arab agreed, and after Sagar had paid over most of the money his father had given him to purchase trading goods, the

slaves were unshackled, and lost no time in disappearing into the jungle back to their homeland.

As Sagar gladly watched the slaves scurry away to freedom, two of the Arab guards led forward a lovely young maiden, accompanied by an elderly woman. The princess was certainly beautiful, thought Sagar. She was rather tall and although her clothing was stained with so much travel, she bore herself proudly.

"Thank you sire for rescuing us from bondage," she said in a beautifully modulated voice. "I am Princess Zaynab, the daughter of King Al-Samandal of Japhet. My nurse and I were abducted by these villains two years ago, but so far they have made no attempt to ransom me."

Sagar suggested. "It will be best for me to take you back to India, then arrangements can be made to contact your people in Japhet."

When the ship reached Surat, and Sagar confessed to his father that virtually all the money had been spent to buy the freedom of slaves, Kuber became extremely angry and branded Sagar a fool. But

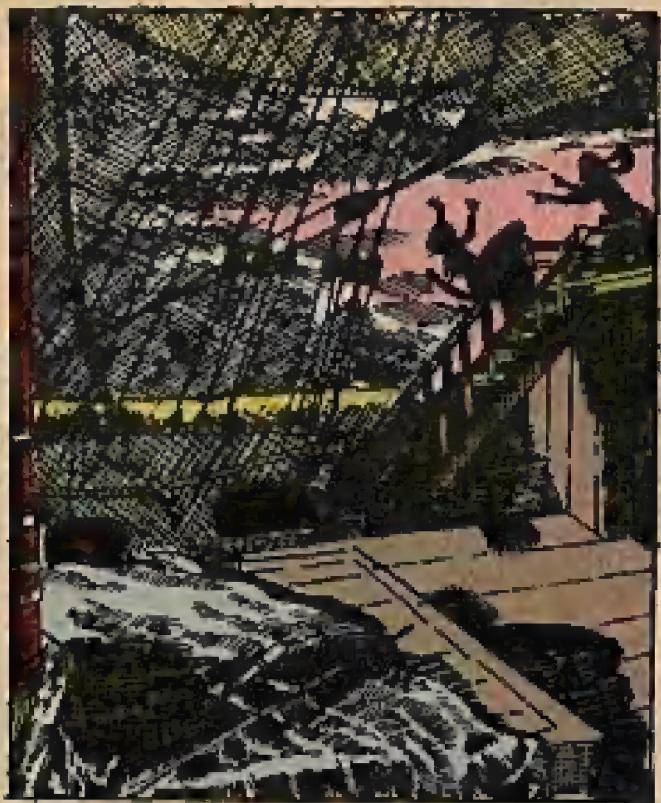


Sagar is brought before the ruler of Japhet

later, when his father met the Princess, he was soon captivated by her beauty and charm.

Father and son discussed for many hours what to do about the Princess, and in the end, it was agreed that the Princess should remain in Surat, whilst Sagar took one of the ships, loaded with merchandise, and sail to the Persian Gulf to find the Kingdom of Japhet.

Preparations for the voyage were soon under way, and in the meantime Sagar and the Princess became greatly attached to each other. When the ship was ready to sail,



Sagar is thrown to the mercy of the waves

Sagar was highly amused to discover that his father had renamed the ship 'The Princess' and the bow was adorned with a magnificently carved figure-head of Princess Zaynab.

The port of Japhet proved easy to find, and when the ship was moored at the quayside, Sagar noticed that several bystanders were pointing at the figure-head on the ship, and jabbering excitedly. Soon afterwards a number of armed soldiers boarded the ship, and when confronted by Sagar, they pinioned his arms, and heedless of his protests, marched

him into the town.

Hemmed in by a jeering crowd, Sagar and his escort at last reached the palace and Sagar was hauled in front of the King.

"O Commander of the Faithful by Allah," announced the officer of the guard. "Here is the infidel who commands the ship which has an effigy of our beloved Princess."

"Speak up," commanded the King, glaring at Sagar. "Tell us the whereabouts of Princess Zaynab, or by nightfall your bones will be crunched by the mangy curs that roam the bazaars."

Sagar quickly regained his composure, and told the King how he had rescued the Princess from slave traders in Africa and that, now, the Princess was safe and well in Surat under the protection of his father.

The King nodded with satisfaction. "If all you say is true, you have done well. I myself will sail to Surat," and he commanded Sagar to have his own ship ready to leave the following morning.

At dawn the King accompanied by his sons and his chief minister and army commander, put to sea in his flag

ship, with Sagar's ship, "The Princess" leading the way. Arriving at Surat the two ships were given a warm welcome, and Princess Zaynab was first to welcome her father, the King, after two long years of separation.

When the King has listened to the Princess's story of her ordeal with the slave-traders and her attachment to Sagar, he announced his willingness for the two to marry and live in Surat, but the wedding ceremony must take place in Japhet.

Two weeks later, Sagar with his father Kuber, went on board the King's flag-ship and a happy wedding party set sail to Japhet.

Unbeknown to everyone, the chief minister had always had designs on his own son marrying Princess Zaynab, and the thought of her marrying the son of an Indian merchant filled him with an ungovernable rage.

Late one night Sagar, unable

to sleep, came on deck to enjoy the cool breeze. The chief minister had silently followed Sagar from his cabin, and making sure no one else was on deck, suddenly pounced on Sagar and threw him overboard. Fortunately a seaman in the stern saw what happened and gave the alarm 'man overboard'. A boat was soon lowered and as it was a bright moonlit night, the boatmen soon discovered Sagar swimming strongly towards the ship.

As Sagar climbed wearily on board again, he was met by the King, who had already been told of his minister's murderous attempt, and angrily had ordered the hapless man to be bound in irons and cast into the sea.

The remainder of the voyage went smoothly, and the great day came in Japhet when Sagar and the Princess were married.

At a large dinner party a financier was placed next to a lady whose name he didn't catch. During the first course he noticed at the left of the host a man who had bested him in a business transaction. "Do you see that man?" he muttered ferociously to his dinner partner. "If there's one man on earth I hate he's it."

"Why," exclaimed the lady, "that's my husband!"

"Yes, I know," said the financier glibly. "That's why I hate him."



THE BRAVE SHEPHERD

A long time ago, in a far off land, there lived a fierce and powerful king. His servants were very afraid of him and came running to obey his commands at once, for fear of angering him. For as long as possible, they stayed out of his way altogether and this seemed to be the best thing to do.

One day, the king sent for his head minister.

"I have just made a new law," he told him. "From now on, every time I sneeze, everyone in the Royal kingdom must say, 'To your very good health!'"

The head minister went hurrying off to tell all the people of this strange new law and, a few days later, the king sent for him again. "Tell me," the king said, "when I sneeze, does everyone say 'To your very good health'?"

The minister looked worried. "Yes, Your Majesty, they do, all except one of them. However, do not worry, sire, he is only an ignorant shepherd boy."

"No excuse!" snapped the king. "Bring him to me at once."

The minister did as he was told and brought the shepherd

boy to the palace. When the boy was taken before the Royal court, he was quite unafraid of the stern-looking king for his eyes were on the king's daughter, the fair princess, who was thinking what a fine young man the shepherd boy was.

"Now come on," said the king impatiently, "say 'To your very good health'."

"Certainly," replied the shepherd. "To my very good health!"

"Mine, not yours," roared the king.

"I said 'my health,'" grinned the shepherd.

The king was nearly choking

with rage. "If you do not say it properly, it will be the worse for you. That is my last word."

"I will say it, only if you give me your daughter's hand in marriage and that is my last word."

This was the last straw for the king.

"Take him to the Bear Pit and throw him in," he ordered.

The shepherd boy was dragged away and the princess was very upset, for she knew that nobody who had been thrown into the Bear Pit had ever come out alive.

Next morning, the king went



to look in the Bear Pit, fully expecting to see the lifeless body of the stubborn shepherd lying at the bottom, but he received a surprise. There was the shepherd boy, sitting on an upturned bucket, facing the great bear. He was quite unharmed. The bear had not even scratched him.

The king ordered him to come out of the pit. "Now," said the king, "you have had a taste of what I can do to you. However, if you say 'To your very good health, Your Majesty', we will say no more about it and you can go home."

"It does not matter to me," replied the shepherd boy. "Will you give me the hand of your daughter, or not? If not, I will not say it."

"You must admit, father," sighed the princess, "that the shepherd boy is very brave."

"Brave!" roared the king. "Throw him to the wolves."

The eyes of the princess filled with tears. There was only one bear, but how could anyone escape a whole pack of wolves?

The guards marched the boy away and flung him into the wolves' den.

When, next day, all the Royal court went to inspect the Den,

there was the shepherd boy, playing a pipe and all the wolves were dancing to his tune. The shepherd stopped playing when he saw the king and bowed to him.

"Now will you say it?" asked the king, wearily.

"Only if I can have the princess," the shepherd shouted back. "For look, the wolves have not bothered me at all."

"Let there be no more of this," roared the king. "Throw him into the Well of Knives."

The soldiers led the shepherd over to the dark well. When one looked down, it was indeed a terrible sight. All the way down, the walls were thickly lined with long, sharp knives.

"The man who goes down there will certainly never come back," said the shepherd, quietly, "so before you throw me down, turn your backs for a moment and allow me to say one last prayer."

As soon as the soldiers had turned away, he quickly took off his hat, cloak and knapsack and threw them into the dark depths of the Well of Knives. Then he darted quickly away to hide. When the soldiers turned round and saw the shepherd's belongings hanging from

the knives in the well, they thought that he must already have jumped in and was somewhere at the bottom. They went back to report his death to the king.

"Well," said the king in surprise, "I have never known anyone in such a hurry to jump down there before. Perhaps, daughter, your shepherd boy really was brave after all."

"Yes, father, he was," the princess replied, "after all, you never did make him say 'To your very good health, Your

Majesty', did you?"

"And he never will," cried the shepherd boy, coming out of hiding.

"You are brave and quick-witted," said the king, "but there is one way to win all men. If you say the words that you were asked to say, I will give you a forest, where all the leaves are made of gold, a lake full of diamonds, a fine palace of ivory. All these shall be yours if—"

"Save your breath to cool your porridge," interrupted the



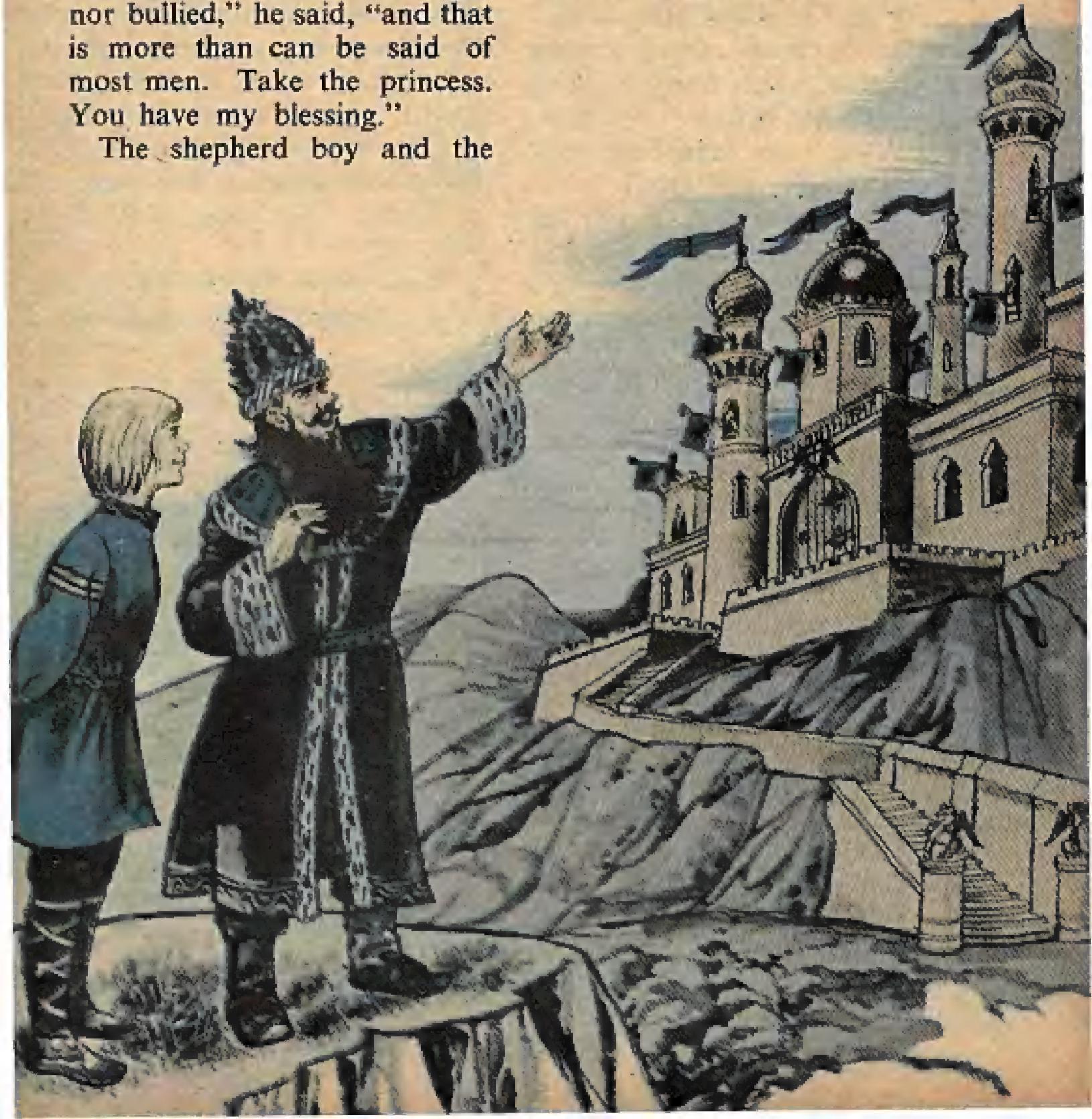
shepherd, "for I will not say those words until my wedding day, when I marry your daughter."

At last the king relented. "You can neither be bought nor bullied," he said, "and that is more than can be said of most men. Take the princess. You have my blessing."

The shepherd boy and the

princess were married and as soon as the wedding was over, the shepherd raised his glass of wine on high and he cried:

"To your very good health,
Your Majesty!"



**I WANT A POWDER
THAT WASHES CLOTHES
WHITEST**

**I'D LIKE A POWDER
THAT WASHES CLOTHES
COLOURED CLOTHES
BRIGHTEST**

**GIVE ME A POWDER
THAT'S SAFEST
FOR CLOTHES—AND
MY HANDS TOO**



3 women. 3 completely different demands. So 3 different washing powders? "Not necessarily," said our Research Technician. "Let's put all 3 demands into one washing powder."

The result:

NEW TRIPLE ACTION DET

- New Det is a whiter powder—contains a superior whitener for the whitest wash.
- New Det has extra cleaning power. Removes even hidden dirt, leaves coloured clothes brightest.
- New Det's richer lather contains an exclusive softener. Safest for your clothes—softest on your hands!

5 new sizes: Det 200, 400, 600, 800, 1000



Shilpi HPMAA/61F/71

SUPERB BOOKS for Chandamama Readers

THE NECTAR OF THE GODS

The story of Soumani, the little girl, who visited the Kingdom of the Gods. Written by Mathuram Boothalingam and lavishly illustrated: Price Rs. 4.00



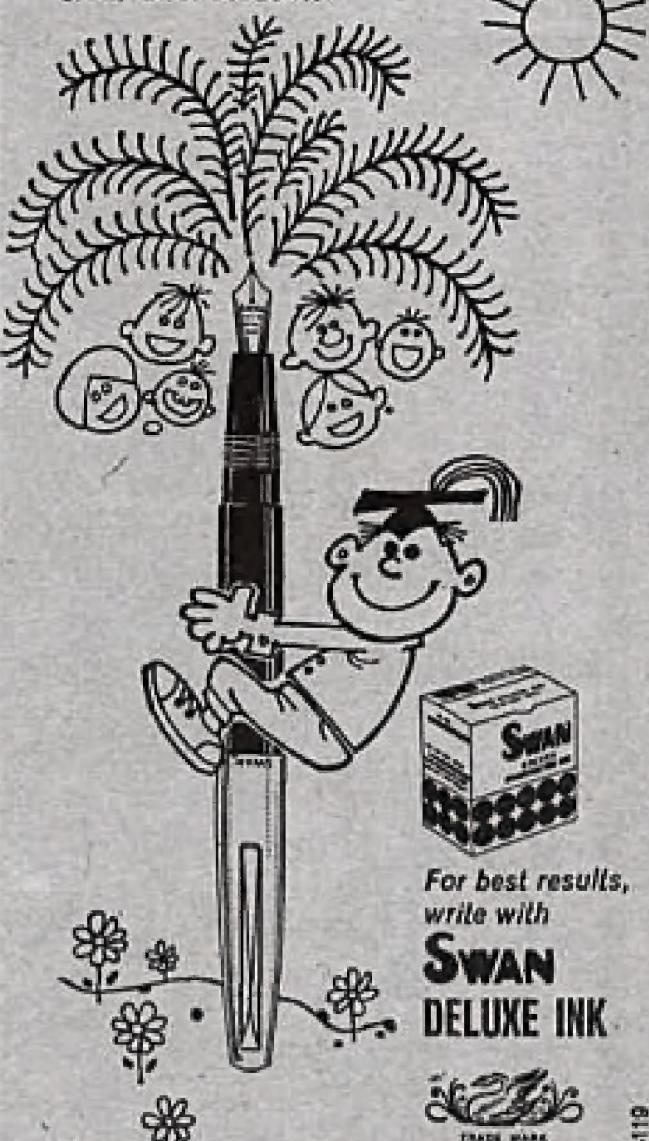
SONS OF PANDU

Mathuram Boothalingam relates in lovely words the main story of the great Indian epic, Mahabharata. A story that will always endure: Price Rs. 5.25

Order direct from:
Dolton Agencies,
Chandamama Buildings, Madras - 26

climb to SUCCESS with SWAN PENS

You find success in exams is very easy with Swan pens. Your writing flows smoothly and easily. Try Swan Oxford or Cambridge—specially created for students.



For best results,
write with
SWAN
DELUXE INK



SWAN (INDIA) PVT. LTD.

Advan Chambers, P. Mehta Road, Bombay-1.
Branch: 34-B, Connaught Place, New Delhi-1

TABBY

and the
Savages

A WILD RECEPTION AWAITS THEM ON THE ISLAND.

STRANGERS.
KILL THEM!

SHORTLY...
LET'S MAKE A RUN FOR IT, DOG.

I CAN'T GO ON.
I'M EXHAUSTED.



WAIT! YOUR CHIEF HAS COLLAPSED.



BONGO!
I FEEL FINE.



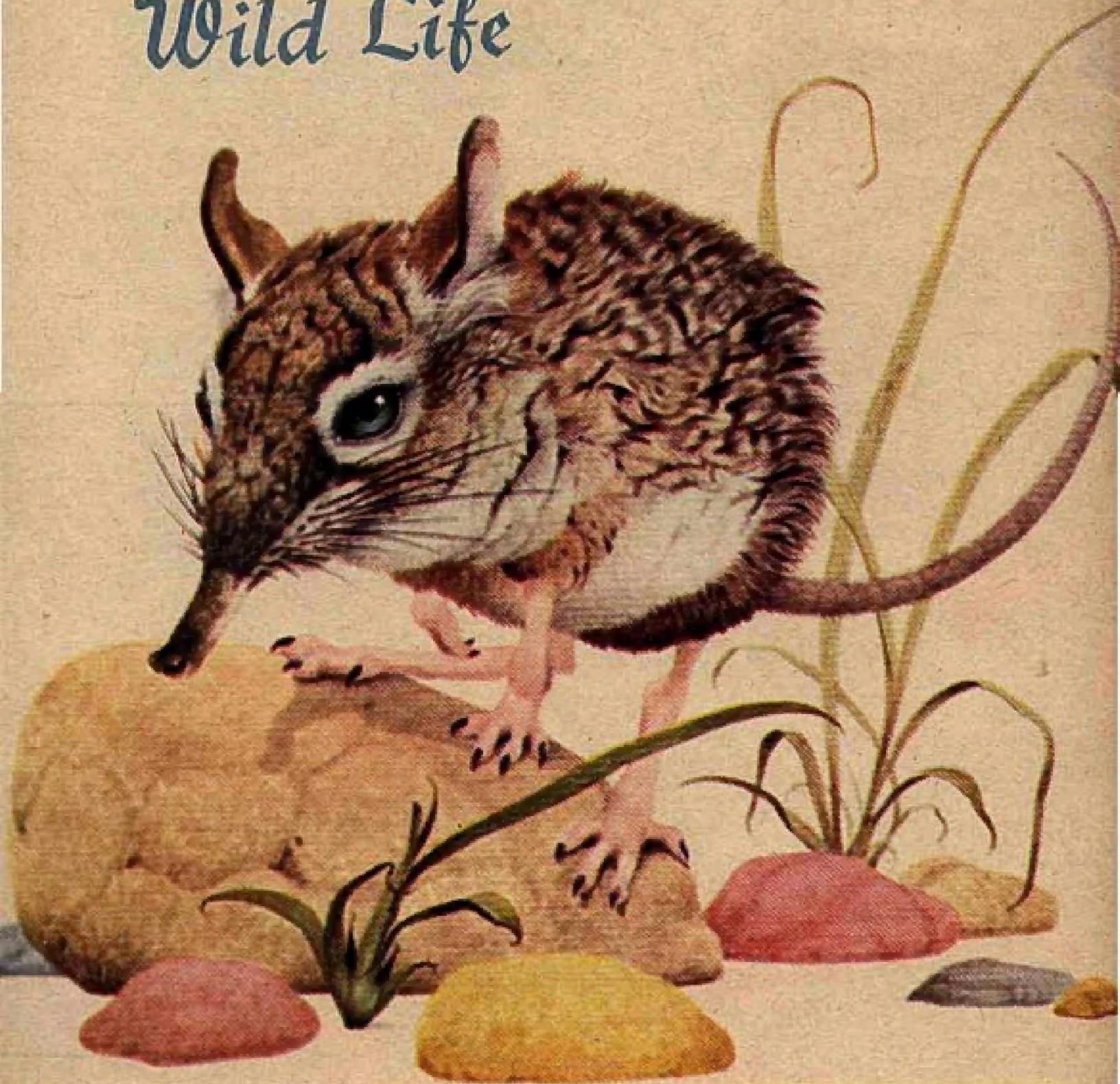
PHEW!
NARROW ESCAPE.



YOU MEAN ENERGY TABS



Wild Life



E for Elephant shrew. A glance at the long snout will tell you how this tiny animal got its name. It uses its long trunk to poke out insects to eat.